

The THAMES Uncas'd:

O R,

The Watermans Song upon the Thaw,

To the Tune of Hey Boys up go we.

15.

1.
Come, ye merry men all
Of Watermans-hall,
Let's hoist out our Boats and carren;
The Thames it does melt,
And the Cold is scarce felt,
Not an Icle's now to be seen.
Let's pull down each Skull
That hung up in Hall,
Like Weapon so rusty, and row:
Let's cheerly fall to't,
If we've not forgot;
For the Frost is over now.

2.
Let's set up our Mafts
That stood like Posts,
As Props to our Tents on the Thames,
Or Signe-posts made,
With an Antient displaid,
While our Oars were the great Crofs-beams.
Let's hoise up our Sail
That was a side-Vail
To hide Doll when with Brandy she'd glow;
Or a Roof compos'd,
You might else have been froz'd,
Though the Frost be over now.

3.
We'll no longer stand
With a Tapsters hand,
With the Spigot in hand for an Oar,
Crying out, Our Trade is cold,
Here's four gallons in hold,
I have drawn out but half my store.
Prithee Lads stand to't,
And help pump it out,
That the Vessel once more may flow:
Then come again
With a thirsty Train;
But the Frost is over now.

4.
Let's tune our Throats
To our usual Notes
Of *Twinnam, Richmond*, hey;
Sir, Skuller, Sir? Oars, Sir?
Loudly roar, Sir,
Here's Dick, Sir, you won't pass him by?
Instead of good Ale,
And Brandy-wine stale,
Let's cry out, Westward hoe.
Shall we *Moreclack* make,
Or for *Brandford* tack,
For the Frost is over now?

5.
We'll take no Boat
That once did float,
And service good had done,
And on his Keel
Clap Sledge for heel,
And inforce him like Traytor to run:
So to make him appear
Like a *China Carr*,
With a tawdry painted Prow,
And a tire or more
Of Potguns four:
For the Frost is over now.

6.
Let's call in our men,
Left forty to ten,
From such a long Vacation,
And converse oft
With the loose and soft
Landlopers of the Nation.
They refty prove,
Or fall in love
With *Jenny's* cole-black Brow;
And then no more
On the Seas will roar:
Though the Frost be over now.

7.
For some were led
Odde Paths to tread,
And bear the Waters on
Their brawny backs,
Who with flying Jacks
Have triumph'd thereupon;
Or to get Chink,
To carry Link,
Though 'twas out of their Element O;
And in the night
Cry, Have a Light,
Though the Frost is over now.

8.
Others there were
On Icy Sphere,
Wheel'd Mortals in a Round
That us'd to tack,
And Angles make,
That Port it might be found:
Or on the Main
A Voyage gain
By Equinoctial Bow,
And Haven got,
Drink off their Pot;
But the Frost is over now.

9.
They us'd to stare
On Northern Bear;
But now on Earthly Bull
They turn their looks
Quite off the hooks,
And on the Cause look dull.
Us'd to survey
The Dog-Star, they
No other Whelps allow
To bark and ball
Within Ken o'th' Hall;
But the Frost is over now.

10.
Had Thames been thaw'd,
And Whale had tow'd
Himself up by his Fin,
They all had then,
E'en as one man,
Have hoop'd and hoop'd agen.
Their Anchors hook,
And spread with Hook,
And made him stoop full low:
To other rural sport
They care not for't;
But the Frost is over now.

11.
The Dutch that in great
Large shoals us'd to meet,
And clapt their crook'd Scates on their foot,
Now no more dare appear
To make folken stare.
While on the smooth Surface they float.
They betaken each man
To their Butter and Kan,
And by their side have their Ulroe;
Their Cabbage they boil,
And eat Herring with Oil:
For the Frost is over now.

12.
The Sledges load
Shall no more defraud
The Boat of its Cargo large;
From *Southwark*-Strand,
We again may land
Coals, so may the Western Barge.
Shall we that have gone
To *Newcastle* each one,
Let the Carmen over us crow?
No, no, my Boys,
We'll renew our Joys,
For the Frost is over now.

13.
Nor shall Hackney-Coach,
Where Whores do debauch,
Upon our Thames now run;
They have plow'd her Face,
And nigh spoil'd her Grace,
Where the Frost-nail'd Horse has gone.
Nor shall they ball,
To *Westminster*-hall
Will your gown'd Worship go?
We wept in despite
While the Rogues went tight;
But the Frost is over now.

14.
The Town too's gone
That they waited on,
And the People flock'd to see:
It fled in one night
Quite out of our sight,
As the Castles enchanted that be;
While Country Squire
Whom Journey might tire,
With watry eyes cannot view
The Street a long way
That he came to survey;
For the Frost is over now.

15.
Not a Horn can he buy,
Nor an Earthen-ware-toy,
His Wife or his Children to cheer:
Since *Isis* does turn
Her watry Urn,
All the Pitchers are march'd off here.
Nay, on the Thames wide
There remains not a Slide
On which he may whisk to and fro:
He returns as he came,
To his Country Dame,
For the Frost is over now.

16.
We're freed now each Mate
From the Care and Debate
That attended us all so long,
To determine Affairs
Betwixt the two Stairs,
Down which all the People throng.
If you come once again,
Take some other men,
For the weight of it makes us to bow:
E'en determine't your selves,
For your're quarrellom Elves,
And the Frost is over now.

17.
What a Pox made you meet
To come here to cheat
We Watermen of our Gain?
Had ye kept in your Furs,
We had voided these Stirs,
And you of cold the pain.
But to get your Coin
You'd up to the Loin,
Though your Arse should never thaw:
Go get to your homes,
And make whole your Bums,
Since the Frost is over now.

18.
Mean time, if ought
Of Honour you've got,
Let the Printers have their due,
Who printed your Names
On the River Thames,
While their hands with the cold look'd blue:
There's mine, there's thine,
Will for Ages shine,
Now the Thames aloft does flow;
Then let's gang hence
To our Boats commence,
For the Frost is over now.